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## EDITORIAL

Last year the administration, faculty, and students of Queens College notably undertook a self-study, an evaluation of purpose and of the educational program designed to meet that purpose. Although glibly repeated, this statement has become one of the most important and far-reaching to come from the study: "Each student should know who she is as an individual and as a member of a corporate community. She should be free to confront any situation with assurance and to offer a significant contribution." An educational system based on such mutual responsibility must be characterized by intellectual freedom.

Freedom as defined by the American Constitution is "The freedom of the individual human to think for himself and to come to truth by the light of his own mind and conscience." An environment of ideological tolerance is indeed necessary. But there remains the problem of confronting freedom within the four dimensions of one's own consciousness—the intellect, the senses, the emotions, the imagination.

Man is inexorably bound to a notion of composition. Since words and pictures are all he has in the present society, he tends to shape his thoughts according to their patterns and movement. The words and pictures become for him effective instruments of organization and retention of his thoughts. The forced selection of "this rather than that" in composition insistently requires a perceptive exertion. Like Benjamin Franklin's cats which all looked gray in the dark, the data from senses, emotions, imagination, are gray and undefined at first. One must discipline judgment and taste, evaluate critically, explicitly emphasize certain points, consolidate material—incessantly sharpen and refine the sense of meaning.

A lapse into broad generalizations is the undeniable mark of the uneducated. Words can be effective vehicles only so long as they are challenged by scrutiny and usage. What significance would there be in repeating the same answers to the same questions over and over again; what good would there be in the vague use of words capable of precision? One might just as well substitute the shrill "beep-beep-beep" of a Civil Defense alarm. Only by reducing the words to their basic idea elements, threading them back through previous experience, and untangling them from stereotyped thought habits, can there be any significance in intellectual inquiry.

For one to realize the development of his own intellectual freedom and to see the individual development of his companions—each contributing to the other—is a humanizing force. It is the purpose, the hope, of an educational institution such as Queens College.

P.A.



# Soviet Summer

Edmund T. Weiant

This address was given by Dr. Weiant on Senior Recognition Day, September 26, 1961.

We hurriedly made our way to the farthest track at the Helsinki station where our train was waiting; all leaf green coaches, each bearing the emblem of the Soviet transportation system—the *Oktyabr'* line. Under the elaborate insignia was a large black and white enamel plate reading "Khelsinki-Moskva" in Russian letters. This was for real.

There were ninety of us, the largest single group of Russian-speaking Americans to enter the Soviet Union at one time. The faculty at Indiana University, sponsor of our language study tour, had prepared us well for this moment. Faculty staffers would accompany us throughout our stay in the U.S.S.R., but the main burden of teaching would be picked up by others. Who would my new teachers of Russian be? The Russians who would speak with me. Where would the classes be? On a street corner or in a moving crowd, in a cramped and tangled room, or on a bench beneath a tree. All private lessons; all at unannounced times.

The act of boarding that leaf green train seemed irrevocable and final. There was now no turning back. Once settled by the window, I looked out and saw several East Indians and some Negroes, apparently Africans, laughing

and smiling, waiting for the moment of departure. Here and there Soviet travelers strolled about. Some were smoking the Russian style papirosa which has one inch of strong tobacco up front followed by nothing but an empty tube, perhaps the most important three inches in smoking history. Could the Russians have invented that too?

I had already switched over to Russian. In case I should run into English-speaking fellow countrymen during my travels I would simply shrug my shoulders and present this card with its printed explanation:

Russian Study Language Tour, (and in big letters) INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Indiana, U.S.A. (And in great big letters) WE ARE PLEDGED TO SPEAK ONLY RUSSIAN! My trip to the Soviet Union is part of a special program of Russian Language Study organized by Indiana University in the United States. My fellow students and I have signed a pledge to speak only Russian throughout our stay in the Soviet Union. If we willingly break this pledge we shall risk losing college credit for the study tour and being sent home before it is completed.

Before coming to the Soviet Union we spent five weeks of intensive Russian language study at Indiana University. Our progress in Russian was tested before we arrived here, and it will be tested again at the end of our tour.

Please join us in the spirit of this important undertaking, and speak to us only in Russian or through an interpreter.

We left Helsinki at 11:00 that July morning. After collecting our tickets the conductor removed his black coat, slipped into a white cotton jacket, and became our steward who then suggested tea. We drank the tea from glasses set in decorative metal holders. My tea-glass holder was a bright gold affair embossed with a sputnik in orbit. We drank tea, observed the rocky and piney Finnish countryside, drank more tea, spoke Russian among ourselves for practice, drank tea, tried our Russian on some real Russians until we reached the Finnish border station of Vainakaala. A Finnish customs official who spoke Russian asked me why I wanted to go "over there." I told him what our group was doing, expressing my excitement and anticipation about seeing the country which had been the object of my attention for so long. He answered me through a strange smile, "After thirty days over there you might be very happy to see Vainakaala again." He walked away shaking his head.

The locomotives had been changed, and our train followed the tracks out into an open field where high towers had been placed, each with banks of searchlights trained on the railroad right of way. Ahead, to the right and left, wooden watch towers pointed their tops above the level of the dark northern pines and pale birches. Conversation in our car died away. We watched the slowly passing scenery—desolate, barren, wet, God-forsaken, and fascinating. Every stone, every weed. "Have we crossed over yet?" "No, not yet."

Then suddenly outside my window red and white railings filed past. It was a section of a gate opened to let our train through. A hun-

dred meters further we stopped near a yellowish frame farm house. On the bank next to the tracks in the middle of a little flower garden, white washed stones, arranged in cyrillic letters, spelled out these words: *Slava KPSS!!* (Glory to the CPSU, Communist Party of the Soviet Union!) From beyond the garden two Soviet uniforms complete with boots approached, ran down the embankment, and got aboard our train.

Unearthly stillness around me. And inside of me. I felt pounds heavier and a little shortness of breath, as if both kinds of gravity had intensified. As we continued on our way the two Soviet uniforms with boots collected our passports. Outside the gloomy countryside had become more desolate. Little houses with slumping roofs limped by my window from time to time. Every straggly bush, every cracked window curtained with newspaper, every unhinged gate and broken fence seemed to say, "I don't care."

At the customs station inside Soviet territory the officials efficiently went about their work. "What books do you have?" "Do you carry gifts to anyone in the Soviet Union?" "For whom, please?" "Have any magazines?" "We are looking for Bibles in Russian." I had known beforehand that there would be questions about books, but actually hearing such questions put to me made this a different kind of frontier—a kind of political and spiritual border I had never crossed before.

Vyborg is an old Swedish fortress town much older than St. Petersburg or Leningrad. We crossed over the river into the town, and from one side of the train I could see the weathered turrets and the brick walls of Vyborg. From a distance the town looked well kept. Neat. The streets were empty. An occasional truck rolled along. It wasn't a very lively place. At the station we were told that we had forty-five minutes, and that we could change our money at the *Gosbank* or State Bank Branch Office. I stepped off the train and found myself walking about in the Soviet Union.

All my senses were working overtime. Inside the station doorway I stood for a moment on a mezzanine overlooking the main concourse. Like so many other buildings I would see, this too was done in a neo-classic Greek revival style with tinted stucco.

There was a strange impression of color there. Everything seemed drab, but everything was somehow violently touched by color. Throughout my stay in the Soviet Union I would continue to be baffled by this peculiar sense of color and no color. Garish pinks, reds, bright yellows in blouses, on anklets; violets, lavenders and greens on scarfs; the blood red banners, showing off their political messages in bright white; velvet drapes and the ever present sparkle of crystal chandeliers all somehow added up to—drabness. I think now that the many dull and tired faces cancelled out the color and reduced everything to gray, and I had never realized before that happiness has color.

The Gosbank was the place to change money. It was here I cued up for the first time in Russia. These lines of people are called *ocheredi*. I wondered about this line as I stood first on one foot and then the other, and with each movement forward hitching myself a centimeter or so toward the goal. The idea of progress and of patience crossed my mind. I was to learn that the most important material things in the Soviet life can be reached only at a shuffling pace, with patience and good order, and with the abiding hope that the supply will last until one's turn arrives.

Our line wound through the state bank of-fice past a long conference table. From the wall a very serious Lenin kept his eyes on me. How strange it was to meet with my first portrait of Lenin in a bank, of all places!

Here was the money—nine rubles for ten dollars. I examined the beige, green, blue, and red bills. They were not much larger than the bills used in a Monopoly game. I experienced a slight shock, which soon wore off, at seeing such symbols as the hammer and sickle, Kremlin walls, and the profile of Lenin engraved on the banknotes in places of honor.

The next step of course was the obvious one—spend it! Every traveler secretly enjoys making a little test with foreign money: let's see if this stuff will buy anything! So I bought a newspaper and an ice-cream cone.

While I was eating the ice-cream cone I became aware of its taste. Excellent. But I was distracted by something else—the smell of the Soviet Union. Many places in the world have their distinctive odors, some pleasant odors and others not so pleasant. This was a strange, heavy, unpleasant odor. I was to detect it everywhere—a thick blanket covering all large collections of people. One mercifully grows used to it, and I stood there in the concourse sniffing the air like a hunting dog trying to analyze it. Paint. Perfume. Cooking odors. Undiscovered or ignored dust. An attic mustiness. Garlic. Disinfectant. Floor wax. Onions. Cabbage. Rest rooms. Damp clothing. Paper and perspiration. These combinations exist in other places, but this scent, should I ever wander into a detached climate again somewhere, will bring back memories; will surely take me right back to the Oktyabr'skaya Hotel, the Vyborg station and the Volga river steamer *Eduard Bagritzsky*.

I heard an accordian playing, and I went to investigate. I found the musicians outside on the station platform. The Russians, and more recently the Soviets, for many years have cultivated the art of impressing foreigners. On the platform a group of Russians was extending an official welcome to some Finnish students who were on their way to the Youth Forum in Moscow. The Forum had been called expressly to condemn the role of the United States and other imperialistic powers in Berlin and Cuba and almost every other place in the world. A small group of Finnish students were being serenaded. Local non-singers were handing out bunches of flowers. Everyone was smiling politely; the singers were singing with full smiles, but with half voice and half-heartedly. The action moved inside to the mezzanine where the accordianist played, and the singers began to dance. At this point,

*"The past was all around me."*

one of our Indiana University faculty members appeared with a guitar. He struck a booming chord. His smile from here to there was catching, and everybody woke up. A second concert of singing and dancing didn't simply start, it broke out—and gathered wild momentum. Many of our group, all singing in Russian, joined in. We knocked ourselves out singing, and we let the Russians around us know that we knew the words and as many verses as they did. We sang the soft, sad songs and some of the Russian lung-busting ones. All the while various officials in and out of uniform were prodding and poking at our great clot of people. We were not to be dispersed; our arms were linked. Here and there I saw tears, moist cheeks. I felt tears and sang on. I have wondered since then what thoughts may have stolen through the minds of those young people. They had come to Vyborg station to extend an official welcome to people who would criticize us, but who had ended up by welcoming us warmly and from the heart.

We left Vyborg. A green-capped border guard watched the train as we pulled out of the station. A great brick prison with high walls topped by searchlights and watch towers went by on one side of the train. And on the other side I saw an open square. A truck passed. On a building overlooking the square and its few pedestrians was a faded sign showing a smiling face, chin high, looking at something just over my head. Beneath the face was a political message and the rising line of a graph.

It was 10:00 P.M. in Leningrad, or was it St. Petersburg? The long northern day just wasn't quite ready to pull down the shades and call it a night. I walked from the station to the hotel a few blocks away. There on my left was the *Nevskii Prospekt*, wide, leading straight to the needly spire of the Admiralty. Throngs of people, thousands, moved in rivers along its sidewalks. The past was all around me. I thought of Nikolai Gogol who wrote a story

of this street. It was just as he described it. Figures of fact and fiction came to life in the shadows. A hurrying young man nervously looked around and turned into a side street. Was it Dostoevski's Raskolnikov with a crime on his conscience? And there was a pompous Nose in officer's uniform emerging from a taxi. Perhaps the friends I met once upon a time, in a dissertation, were quietly gathering at a small apartment near the Anichkov bridge only to leave again at the end of the night without having decided anything.

I've visited some historical landmarks in my time, but it was in Leningrad, one of the youngest cities in Europe, that I sensed a strange backward movement through time. I thought of space travel. What happens at the speed of light? I was confused in space and time. Were there other worlds of longer years where clocks tick at a different rate? I was out of this world as we know it, and I wonder how well we really know it. In a week I had grown accustomed to a new pace in chronology. Europe, the West, and our own country slowly faded away. There was no longer any proof of the existence of such places. They became simply articles of faith. Reality was to be found in a self-contained Soviet world, complete unto itself. It is a separate planet. In the U.S.S.R. the study of foreign affairs seems to fall within the domain of astronomy. In another way it was like the old pre-Columbian world with its edges, sea monsters, and even the lurking sharks of Wall Street. One gets used to this sort of thing in just five weeks. It doesn't take a lifetime, as I used to think. But I had a feeling of incompleteness, nevertheless. I learned that some Russians also experience this feeling, and many understand what it is and what it means. To the large majority, this feeling of incompleteness has no name. It's not understood. It's just an ugly feeling that gnaws and annoys.

I learned most by talking with people. There was the young writer, Zeffi. I have several of

his poems, and hope in the months to come to publish them for him. In Moscow there was a lengthy open discussion of amateur art during which a number of people stood up and spoke openly of their feelings, and criticized in public the standards of socialist realism in art. A musician-composer said he felt stifled in his own country because he had no chance to have his music played. He had to write his music for an examination board. If it was accepted he was paid, and the score was filed after one playing. And there were the many questions put to me. "How old are you?" "Where do you work?" "How much do you earn?" "How much did your shoes cost?" Nowhere have I encountered such avid interest in the comparison of economic standards and values. Then another question, "How about the Negroes?" This I acknowledged as one of my country's greatest problems, and I explained as best I could that progress was being made in the direction of achieving those rights set forth in the Constitution for all citizens of the United States. "And do you want war?" The question came up all of the time. The Russians were honestly concerned. They know we have not experienced the hell of internal war in recent times, and are told in their newspapers that we might agitate a war just to correct our economic ills. This takes much explaining. Miss Fletcher, our Miss America, was right when she said that the greatest problem confronting our country today is that of convincing the peoples of the world that we are for peace. As initial curiosity, surprise, and shock gave way to reflection and stock taking, there came a very natural feeling that where one's deeper thoughts and more serious reflections were concerned, one ought to conceal them as much as possible, and not share such ideas with just anybody. One soon became circumspect in conversation, discreet and cautious. In conversation one listened for the things unsaid as one reads between the lines of a letter. I could feel myself becoming more sharply perceptive, but gradually more and more blunted in spirit.

After thirty-two days, our train brought us back through Vyborg. There again were the banners, the busts of Lenin and his portrait. The smell was still there too, but it had somehow become less distinct. Out on the tracks the troopers walked alongside the train. There was the prison. There above the political message was the smiling face still looking to the future. But the future had better hurry before the face fades away.

And now the customs. We worried, all of us, not about confiscation of film or other articles. There was a vague fear lodged inside me just back of my belt buckle. I feared something bigger than the customs men who very kindly stamped our passports and didn't look at a thing. I wanted OUT! I was happy at the thought, but was in the awkward position of having to conceal my anticipation—let's say out of politeness to the officials who rode the train with us. Call it childish, but it was that feeling small children have in the middle of the night when the hallway, all spooky and dark, goes on for miles, and the bedroom door is so far away. Stillness, tension. I watched the stones go by, and the Soviet weeds. HURRY! The garden of *Glory to the CPSU!* The gate! Laughing broke out. Talk and chatter still in Russian. I felt giddy, drunk with relief, and happy. I stood for a while on the platform at Vainakaala and looked at the sky, the ground, then ran to buy a Swedish newspaper which I tried unsuccessfully to read. But really, all I saw there at the little country station was faces; children's faces, old men's faces, girls' faces—all the faces. I recognized every last one from some time or another from a distant past, or was it the future? No matter, I was home, in the rocky piney woods of Finland. I was home. The rest was nothing more, really, than a long taxi ride out to the house.

After having written down all my impressions in as great detail as possible, I turned to the impressions of others who had visited Russia, to compare notes. The Marquis de Custine in 1840 recorded his impressions on leaving Russia in this manner:

Never will I forget what I felt while crossing the Niemen to enter Tilsit. A bird escaped from its cage or coming out from under a vacuum bell would be less joyous. I can speak, I can write what I think. I am free!

Here are the concluding remarks of the Marquis de Custine:

I have spoken without personal animosity but also without fear or restriction. It is necessary to have lived in this solitude without rest, in this prison without leisure, that is called Russia, in order

to be conscious of all the freedom that one enjoys in the other countries of Europe whatever form of government they may have adopted.

When your son is discontented in France, use my formula; say to him: "Go to Russia." It is a journey that would be beneficial to every foreigner; for whoever has really seen Russia will find himself content to live anywhere else. It is always good to know that a society exists where no happiness is possible because, by a law of his nature, man cannot be happy unless he is free.

## Is It?

Imagination is intellect,  
or is it childish?  
Have you ever wondered  
at the complete truth of a child,  
truth in his own mind  
that a stick is a horse—  
really,  
and a penny a fortune—  
really,  
And where we are  
with Tennessee Williams' realism,  
And where we are going  
with Ferlinghetti's truths?  
Nothing is surer  
than a child's belief in himself  
and his own world.  
Is it?

—VIRGINIA ROSE

## MAHALEY

Betty Daniel

Before moving to North Carolina, Nannie had lived near her in Herd County, Georgia; and when we went there to visit kinfolk, we were told that we must go see Mahaley. So Dorothy, Aunt Sally, Mr. Tom, Mother, Daddy, Nannie and I crowded into the car, and I cushioned myself in Nannie's lap and looked up and out the window at the racing telephone lines while Nannie talked and laughed about gossipy old women. Her belt tickled me when she moved, and Daddy's cigar smoke choked me until I caught my breath as if I had been crying. I didn't want to know what Aunt Lucinda Moore had been doing, or how many jars of pickles Olive had put up. I closed my eyes and daydreamed of kings, monsters, and fairies, until Nannie said something about a fortuneteller.

"Uncle Jake Hines went by there, and she told him his house was on fire and to go on home. Well, it wasn't, and Mahaley told me herself that she had only seen the smoke from Lynn Green's smokehouse. Why, people from Atlanta drive all the way down here to get their fortunes told, and all she does is ask them a lot of questions about themselves and charge them a dollar!"

Aunt Sally nodded her head and rubbed her eyes without taking her glasses off. "Annie Mae, I hear tell she has hundreds of dollars stuck in every dirty corner in that old house, and even stuffs pillow cases with it!"

Now I couldn't wait to see her—I was going to have her tell my fortune and show me her money. I knew she would have a black cat, because fortunetellers were bound to be witches.

Daddy stopped the car in a weed-covered driveway, and hiding all but my eyes behind Aunt Sally, I peeked through the window. Daddy barked for us to get out, but my tongue felt swollen and useless. The house was a two-story box, brown-shingled like turned-back cardboard box flaps. Daddy lifted me from my refuge and carried me toward the uninviting open doorway. I stood on the bottom step and looked away from the house at acorns on the ground under the oak. I wondered if Daddy would make me a silly twig pipe from one of them. When I turned, she was standing there, in a long, graying white muslin dress. She wore gloves and a train engineer's cap. Her face wrinkled at me, and the lines in it crisscrossed in black pencil marking. I ran screaming, yet making no sound, down the path to the other side of the car, jerked the door open, and fell to the floor. The sun burned on my back.

## An Artist

I wanted to paint;  
I longed for a try  
At the colors and brushes  
That caught my quick eye,  
But my hand was restrained,  
And my talent denied  
No matter what trick  
Or what tactic I tried.  
Deciding to wait  
Seemed the best thing to do,  
To wait for a moment  
Of freedom from you,  
You who were watching  
For any slight move  
Of the eager hand  
Which wanted to prove  
I too was an artist,  
And as gifted as you!  
Before me, the palette  
With puddles of blue.  
The opportune time  
Unexpectedly came;  
You turned to the phone;  
I reached for my fame.  
My talent spilled over  
The floor and the wall.  
A bit of it drifted  
Into the hall.  
With no one to stop me,  
My hand just went wild;  
It painted five works  
That weren't too mild!  
My carnival over,  
Restraint as before  
Stood stern and harsh-faced  
In the shade of the door.  
I had wanted to paint  
A bus and a bee—  
To Mother, ridiculous!  
But I was just three.



—LUCKIE HUSKEY

# Natchez Home

It stands on the bank of a river among tall pines.  
A well-built house, with five white columns.  
The Master felled great trees and cut out their hearts,  
to give it being.

Gone . . .  
Shuffling steps of lagging feet,  
Low weird chants from cabins after dusk,  
Long hours of lazy conversation,  
Deep voices, soft laughter, childish whining,  
Rumbling wheels of the clumsy coach,  
Rustling crinolines, stiff with cornstarch . . .  
Gone.

A forgotten, desolate hull—  
Great naked rooms, with glaring windows, mock;  
Alien steps resound hollowly crossing the floors;  
Creaking hinges on heavy doors startle the stillness,  
And the stale old smell that age breathes out pervades,  
making a trespasser tremble.

Few come who understand,  
Who survey it silently,  
Who wish, perhaps, that this spot were obscured by the grass,  
and concealed from the curious by high overhanging branches.

—BETSY JOHNSON

# Why Not?

"Love not the world?" I hear You, Lord, but  
appearance and essence and sights and sensations  
And sounds and relations appeal to the core of me,  
right where I am.

"Love not the world?" But what about childhood's  
first feel of green leaves, of grass on bare toes,  
First look at day sky, a mixture of sunlight in ice  
with blue milk?

What about romps and tackles and tumbles, and fat worms  
and ice-cream and sweet gooey pop?  
And staunch forts made of Christmas trees backed by good mud  
and bows made of bamboo and string, and my arm?

Fat teachers that seem so immense when you're ten, and  
twenty-three helping verbs said in one breath?  
And wild dreams about space ships and murders and jungles  
and monsters and preachers that bellow and smoke?

What of that footballish smell of cool air with pizza and  
people and popcorn and programs?  
And shouting and cars, confusion on wheels; with a tear  
between shouts if the game was like that?

"Love not the world?" But Lord, think of oceans and  
mountains and valleys, of sun darts and moon drops  
On green and blue wetness. My eye is made for them.  
They reach through to me.

What about cold nights with bright fire and cocoa?  
A word, a thought, and a dream jumbled up  
In the red twist of flame till orange glows dimly, and  
white softness beckons to coolness and rest?

Why can't I keep it Lord? All of it. Always.  
If I live fifty years? Ten thousand? Ten million?  
Then what will I do? It always gets bigger and different  
and better.

You're always the same, Lord. Will I be like that?  
Away from my earth and all that it makes of me?  
Timeless, so changeless; without form, pure essence,  
with qualities only?

"Love not the world," for another is better? I'm on  
a straight line to infinity, Life; knowing  
Whatever my point on that line, You're there.  
For Life is—location is not.

—LOUISE GITTINGS

## STUMPED

Kay Davis

"Would you all care to play 'Twenty Questions'?" Aunt Chessie asked, while we were clearing the supper table. Reverend Mahaffey looked clearly shocked. A flush spread across his heart-shaped face. But she added reassuringly, "Oh, it's not anything like poker! It's about the same as working a crossword puzzle. It's your *educational* sort of thing."

You could tell that Reverend Mahaffey would rather go somewhere quiet and practice the sermon he was going to preach for the revival tomorrow night. But he relented good-naturedly enough, after Mama came tactfully to his aid.

Aunt Chessie was as childish as she could be, in her old age. For one thing, she was so outspoken about the modern generation, and, a household of young girls, we could hardly bear not to make retorts sometimes. Then, too, she was the world's best at putting on a hurt air and going off speaking terms with people. She had two favorite words. One was "ripsnort", which generally meant wearing pedal-pushers anywhere but to gather the eggs. She would say reproachfully to Mama, "Irene, I don't believe I'd let these girls ripsnort so much if I were you; they're going to turn out to be limbs of Satan on the family tree!" And, to our dismay, she kept all of us well-stocked in ladies' knit undershirts from Sears-Roebuck. If Mama chided her for embarrassing us, Aunt Chessie would really get in a huff! Of course, we were always immediately sorry, and would humor and coax her back into good spirits.

Her other favorite word was "crackerjack," and this was advantageous. For whenever our boy friends came to supper, she could easily be bribed with the promise of a game of Setback, tomorrow, into bragging about the biscuits or cake we had made (or *could* make), and calling attention to how this or that one of us "surely was a crackerjack little homemaker—and was going to make some man a crackerjack little wife!" There she would sit, looking a

little like Amy Vanderbilt, in her one good dress—the dotted navy blue—and making semi-elegant gestures and compliments. If, however, she thought we weren't acting as young ladies should, she would reach under the table and pinch us.

Off and on, she would get spells of arguing with all comers about Roosevelt and the New Deal, or about Truman and MacArthur. And just get that dear old Baptist lady started on “sprinkling”,—or what was better yet, on any of her *private* theories! One was that Margaret Mitchell did *not* write *Gone With the Wind*. She could make a good argument, too, to support an old legend that Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky within miles of each other, were curiously and illegitimately half brothers. This struck us as being somewhat indelicate and certainly unpatriotic. But there was nothing Aunt Chessie loved half so well as a good, spicy argument. So I dreaded to think what the outcome of the game tonight might be.

“You think of someone first. If you think of a President, or any person, or a regular barnyard animal, you say before we start guessing, ‘I’ve got a twenty questions, and it’s animal.’ Now, if it grows in the ground like an apple tree, or if it’s anything rubber or anything paper—it’s vegetable. But if it’s glass or iron or something like that—it’s mineral. All right, now, you think of something, and we get to ask twenty questions. But they have to be so you can answer ‘yes’ or ‘no’.”

“Now, do you have something in mind?” Reverend Mahaffey half-heartedly did. It was animal. We guessed “Aunt Chessie” in four questions.

It took twelve questions to guess the disciple Thomas, eighteen to guess *The Saturday Evening Post*, and nine to guess Dick Tracy. Then Aunt Chessie thought up her “twenty questions,” and stumped us with Charlie McCarthy. She graciously let Reverend Mahaffey have her second turn. Now it looked as though he were going to stump us too. We had just asked the eighteenth question: so far it was a person—not in the funny papers—not a member of the church—not living now—not an American—not a character in a book—yes, a person in history—not in the Nineteenth Century—not in the Eighteenth Century—right!—Seventeenth Century—not a writer—not an explorer—yes, English history—not a king—a woman—a queen—“aha!—Queen Elizabeth, let’s see; didn’t she rule about then?” Aunt Chessie guessed, while we were still trying to think.

“No, it wasn’t Queen Elizabeth. Now you have one more guess.”

We all studied away, and Mama frankly ventured that she didn’t know any more English Queens in that century. Aunt Chessie motioned Mama to sit still. “Yes, there was. Yes, there was. Now who *was* it? Everybody be quiet and let me think!” She screwed her eyes shut in a terrible grimace and held her face with both hands. Then she rolled her eyes up at the ceiling and said, “Wait, I know—I *know*, it’s on the tip of my tongue. Don’t anybody give up *yet*!”

“Take all the time you want,” Reverend Mahaffey said generously. And Aunt Chessie sat on and on with that horrifying intensity of expression peo-

ple have when they try and try to remember something that keeps evading them. Meanwhile the conversation drifted into different channels; we all waited. Reverend Mahaffey brought up an interesting fact in connection with kings and queens. He said, "I read somewhere that out of something like sixty-seven kings in France's history, only three were loved by their subjects. Do you know, each one of the sixty-four that were hated was raised by a nurse, and the three the people loved were all raised by their mothers! Isn't that something, now?"

Then Mama brought up the subject of his Panama City church. We glanced occasionally at Aunt Chessie. Each time we did she would suck in her breath and clap her forefinger up to her lips; each time it appeared that in just a minute we would all know the answer. And each time after a long interval of waiting, someone would bring up a pleasant subject about church, or the family, or school. When nine-thirty came, Aunt Chessie was still sitting, with her fist pressed to her open mouth, and a vacant stare on her face.

"Come on, Aunt Chessie, do give up and let's call it a night!" someone said gently.

No answer.

"All right, Reverend Mahaffey—she gives up—who on earth was it?" Mama prodded.

"No, I do not *either*! I'll think of it before morning!" Perspiration was pouring down her powdered, soft old cheeks, and tufts of her hair were pulled loose from the neat, thin roll. Suddenly she got up from her high-backed rocker and flounced off to bed.

After she was gone, we all said, "Well, who, Reverend Mahaffey,—*who*?"

His eyes were raised to the door as if still following the stiff, proud figure. "Ladies," he said slowly, "I'm afraid I've been a very poor sport. I know absolutely nothing about who the Queen of England may have been in the Seventeenth Century, if there was one! When your aunt gave up, I was going to pull a name out of the air—like Queen Angelina—and see what she would do. I only meant to tease her!" And Reverend Mahaffey went upstairs to bed, feeling like all the unloved kings of France put together.

## Blue Denim

Scuffling stones with half-back toes, he caught a poplar leaf—  
A pagan coin,  
King's ransom for Cinderella,  
And fought a dragon tree with an orange-crate sword.  
Cushioned on quilt patches, he doubled on his knees  
Near a Negro witch grave,  
But forgot his Sunday-school prayers  
At the place of purple slave massacres.  
In his prosperous pocket, he found an oak acorn pipe  
Filled with dry muscadine seeds,  
And sucked it till it slipped  
When he cried his orders at the regimented geese.  
He chewed a green persimmon,  
Yet whisked away resultant tears  
When seen by curious chipmunk eyes.  
Eager as scavenger springtime, he found a four-leaf clover  
Which he tucked away for Monday luck,  
And laughed like popping corn.

—BETTY DANIEL

## Organdy



Pulling clover chains over rickrack braids,  
She hopscotched with Miss Muffet, Pandora,  
And washed her chocolate-covered smile with hosepipe water.  
Morning-glory vines were the Beanstalk,  
And Negro Sam, Beauty's Beast,  
Bewitched.  
She climbed from a woodpile, a window sill,  
To sit in her shingled playhouse tower,  
And watched Lizzie, the spinster landlady,  
Gossiping with her only boarder.  
When he left, she taunted Lizzie: "You've lost your little man!"  
But receiving no reply,  
She twisted like a tomboy tyrant,  
Yet clutched her doll with sissy apprehension.  
On pleated lace she slid to the ground  
To ride piggyback on Papa;  
And twitching petals from a daisy,  
Hummed "*He loves me, he loves me not . . .*"

—BETTY DANIEL



## SKETCHES OF A COUNTRY LIFE

Genie Stallworth

I can look back now, and it strikes me strange and amusing to think about my country upbringing. I've grown away from that life, but still, it will always be a part of me.

I lived in a community, Kirsey. Everybody in Kirsey was close; everybody knew all about everybody else, it seemed, even though we were scattered over the countryside. But we got together. That was when the church and school were the centers of the community, and any time anything was going on at either place, the whole crowd would turn out. They had those plays in the one-room school house with straggly, embarrassed boys and primped-up girls. Nobody missed the all-day picnics and preachings at Damascus church. In fact, nobody missed anything at the church.

Never will forget the baptisms in the mud-bottomed pool out back of the white folk's church! Pool was fed by a cold water spring, and the water gave everybody a nasty shock when they first stepped in. Took a time to get baptism started. Put those white robes on the people getting ducked—Preacher too; and all the congregation lined the edge of the pool, singing "Shall We Gather at the River." Mr. White was always the man with the stick; he had the special job of poking down the robes when the water floated them up. One Sunday, right in the middle of the service, a moccasin came out from hiding round the rock sides and swam right by Preacher. Mr. White pulled it over and clamped it to the side with his stick till the ceremony was over. And then there was the time Mrs. Ekhard wouldn't be ducked. Never saw anybody so scared of water! Preacher would say his speech, put one arm behind her back and the other one on her head, and get ready to bend her over backwards; and she'd move back a little and stiffen like a dead dog. This happened over and over. All the time we were singing "Shall We Gather" and trying to hold back giggles. I think Preacher finally tripped her or something—anyhow, she did go under.

The farm where I lived was of right good size for that day. The narrow, dirt buggy lane lined with great oaks led from the main road right up to the front door of the white frame house. Fences blocking off pastures lined three sides of the grass-splotched yard. We didn't live grand, but we were comfortable—and we did have the only telephone and the first horseless carriage in the community. I suppose folks did consider us well off, but a man with ten thousand dollars was rich then.

Mat and Sam lived just a pasture over from us. They were about the best colored folks I ever knew. Mat looked like she'd just stepped off of an Aunt Jemima pancake box. Wore a rag round her head and kept a wide, toothy grin on her face all the time, 'cept when she was mad at Sam 'bout drinking and running round with other women. She could have a temper when she wanted to! Sam was tall and lanky. You should have seen his bald head shine in the sun! A little of the devil popped into his eyes every now and then. But Mat and Sam were happy most of the time. They had eight children named for presidents or other important people. I knew Sam Hoover best. He was mine, I claimed. Sam worked in the fields or helped Father, and Mat was our cook. Can't forget the time Mat and Mother had been making blackberry wine all day, tasting as they worked. After Mat had gone home, Mother got some ailment—she didn't know what—and sent me to get Mat to take care of her. Mat was in bed too. Said, "You go tell Miss Nell I'm drunk, too!"

Always felt right free with Mat and Sam. If I got caught round meal time closer to their house than mine, I'd just stay there and eat fatback and corn bread at their table. Mat kept it just as clean as ours. And many's the time I'd get sleepy and curl right up in bed with Sam Hoover. Stayed there till Father came to carry me back home. Yep, Mat and Sam and all their kids were kind of like members of the family, at least to me.

My real family was quite a mixture of kinds and shapes and sizes. Mother was a tall, big-boned woman. Still she had a way of looking dainty. She never could be pretty because of her red skin, but folks certainly never spoke of her as being ugly. She would amaze you by all she could get done in one day, and she was always baking something for the Hendersons, or the Pratts, or the Arringtons. Father was the distinguished looking member of the family. Looked like he was stuck to a horse with glue when he rode. Held himself straight and tall. I don't mean for you to think he was stern, exactly. He did have his set ideas about things, but he was usually right, and he had an awful temper, but he'd get over being mad faster than anybody I ever knew. He beat a horse one time, then felt so sorry, he turned him out to pasture and never let anyone ride him again. Father liked a good time. I remember his sitting on the porch of the store with all the other men, just sitting and talking and laughing; then they'd ride all night long, sometimes, chasing foxes. Becky, my older sister, was the sissy. She never could understand why boys like to catch snakes and keep them in pens, or race horses, or play practical jokes. Manly was four years younger than me. Followed me around like a bird dog at his master's heels. Tried to copy us older fellows all the time, and we complained about him, but we never really minded.

## THAT NIGHT

The boys got together on any occasion. We rigged up a special contraption to call the members of our club to meetings. Hung a metal can in a tree and attached a long cord with rosin on it from the bottom. Made an eerie noise that traveled for miles when you rubbed a wet cloth on that cord!

One night especially, I remember, a neighbor boy called a meeting. I saddled Billy Sunday, grabbed my rifle that I always carried at night, and headed Billy down the road. We had some kind of unimportant business, then I started back home. About half way, I thought I heard something alongside the road. I stopped to listen. I heard a groan. Sounded like a human groaning to me. I hollered. Somebody might be in trouble. No answer. Billy started prancing. I hollered again. Only a moan came back through the creepy night. Billy was side-stepping all over the road. I yelled, "You answer me or I'll shoot!" I waited, then fired five times toward the spot the groaning had come from, and wasted not even a minute in letting Billy have full rein.

Billy raced back to the barn, then I jumped off and flew to my bed, clothes and all. Next morning Father found Billy in the yard, white with dried lather, complete with saddle and bridle and two busted front shoes. I had to tell him what had happened. He laughed, and said we'd investigate. He mentioned something about imagination. We traveled the road again. And I found in that spot a newspaper with five bullet holes in it. Nothing else.

## A SMALL, HIGH WINDOW

My mother was something else, I tell you. One of our hounds, Bess, had puppies in the woodhouse one summer. She wouldn't come out and leave the puppies, and Mother took her food to her like she was an invalid. This went on for a good while, then Mother decided Bess must be lonesome, so she brought one of the neighbor's dogs to visit. Mother stepped into the doorway with that dog, and Bess began to bristle. Mother failed to notice this warning, and she moved back in the shed to watch. All of a sudden, you've never heard such commotion. Bess snarled, leaped on that dog, and there was the gosh-darndest fight you ever saw. Mother hollered till she realized her attempts were futile, then figured she'd best get out while she was still in one piece. But she was hemmed in. The fight was going on between her and the door. Only other opening in the shed was a small, high window way up on the wall, 'bout big enough for a five year old to squeeze through. All of a sudden Mother popped through that window. None of us have ever been able to understand how.



## THE ESCAPADES

It seems funny, looking back, to realize how much freedom Mother gave us boys after Father died. From about the age of twelve on, a group of us near the same age would just take off from home on an adventure. Sam Hoover and I would round up the gang, strap pots and pans and all our provisions on Billy Sunday like he was a pack horse, and leave home for three or four days. Now, we told Mother we were going, but she never knew where, or how long we were going to stay. And the thing is, our escapades didn't seem unusual at all. Sounds dangerous now, but you must remember that we knew every white and colored man for miles around, and we knew no one would hurt us.

We tramped through the woods, went skinny dippin' in the swimming hole—lived by no schedule. We thought about eating when we got hungry, and then tried to find something by hunting, fishing, or "stealing". Word seemed to get out when we were on one of our escapades. We thought we were being so sly, sneaking through Mr. Henderson's corn patch at dusk to get some good roastin' ears, when he knew all the time—and we just couldn't understand why a couple of the chickens in Mr. Collin's chickenhouse always had their feet tied together to make easy catching, or why our favorite camp site down by Mr. Ethridge's spring always happened to be cleaned off when we came round.

We managed to find something new and exciting on each one of our escapades. Why, we discovered every ant hill, every fallen tree, and every good fishing spot in the creek. And we developed an independence; we learned to take care of ourselves.

## COUSIN PAINE

I have to tell you about Paine, the black sheep that everybody loves anyway. I still see Paine every now and then, and he hasn't changed a bit.

Paine is a tall, stringy fellow that moves like rhythm. A great big hawk nose covers a large part of his face; his blue eyes crinkle and dart.

But Paine is a loss to humanity. He could have done anything he wanted to, but he never did want to do anything. Just moved back in history to a past generation—easy life of hunting and fishing. Sponges off anybody that gives him money. Cunning and shrewd—has no scruples.

Paine used to take Manly and me fishing. I think the main reason was that we had the equipment. He had a gift of making people want to work for him, and I remember Manly and I used to bend over backwards trying to wait on him! He'd lean on a tree, then drawl, "Manly, why can't you build

a fire good as Tom," or "Tom, I bet you can beat Manly to the spring for water!" And we'd work without knowing it.

For all his bad ways, as I've said, people still love him. People say all the time, "Isn't Paine charming!" But, you see, that's his trouble. He doesn't have to work. He charms folks into doing for him.

## SPOOKS

There were strange things happening all the time round home. For instance, my old dog, Sailor, died from rabies. I mean I buried him, even. Then one night, when I was out by myself, I heard Sailor's bark. It was the kind of bark you just don't forget. I stopped on the edge of a field to listen, and I swear I saw Sailor running across the top of the broomsedge, barking every inch of the way.

Another time, Sam, Will, a few of the other fellows and I, were out hunting at Henderson Quarters. I remember the night especially 'cause it was so dark the horses had to move by instinct, and I had to guide by memory. The dogs had gone on ahead. Wasn't long before we knew they had treed something, and we headed toward the sound of their yelps. Sure enough, when we found them, they were leaping and pawing round a great oak. Sam yelled, "Bet it's a wild cat!" But all of a sudden, for no apparent reason, the dogs turned and lit out in the direction of the white church, chasing something. We followed. We reached the churchyard, and such bumping, and banging, and squealing as those dogs were doing! They had gotten their victim under the white folk's church. But again, for no reasons we could see, the dogs ran from under that church, chasing whatever it was down the path connecting the white and Negro churches. They repeated their bumping and scraping under the Negro Damascus. We dismounted, and walked steadily down the path—until the dogs suddenly lunged toward us. We scattered, and they passed, yelling. We lined ourselves along the path. I held the flashlight down toward white Damascus. The dogs were under it again. Once more they started toward the Negro church. Sam, next to me, whispered, his widened eyes shining down at me, "Those dogs are chasing something! Dogs don't run and holler like that 'less they chasing something!" But the light from my flashlight showed nothing running before those dogs. NOTHING. We stayed in hiding, watching, as they passed right by us three more times, and when we still saw nothing, every man for himself—we each flew in a different direction.

The dogs came home next morning, ears torn, pads worn through, and suffering from complete exhaustion.

Goodness, I've been rambling! Never mind! I guess I get carried away talking about "my other life." Maybe it's best I did, though, because you have to know about it to know me.

# Rain

Rain seems aloneness uncluttered by things,  
All grayness and roaring and pounding except  
For a frightening, but futile, flash of white fire.

It rumbles and drips and the sky looks like paste  
With a little black dirt mixed in well—and it's dark—  
Not black, but a smothered and empty light gray.

It runs in small eddies, collects in thick puddles.  
Relentless, it pours down, refusing to stop  
Making wet what was dry in all its domain.

It blots out sensations and can't be ignored,  
Drowning an ego in humid stagnation  
Till the sun shows its light of release once again.

—LOUISE GITTINGS

## The Poem

The suffocating July sun beat down  
On Johnny's tattered blue T shirt  
As I watched him through the rust-specked screen  
That surrounded the cabin dogtrot.  
His shoulders sloped like an old man's  
As he scuffed through the field of ragweed.  
The other swimmers were far ahead now;  
Too far to catch up with.  
Running, they had passed by the five-year-old  
When he lagged on the path to tie his shoe.  
His lips trembled, but he did not cry.  
He sat down on a big tree-root, and began to chant.  
I stopped spreading out the sandy bathing suits  
And tiptoed nearer to listen:  
"Soon they'll miss me,  
They'll say 'Where's Johnny?'  
But I'm not scared, I'm  
Just one nice little boy  
Lost from the others!  
Don't worry, they'll soon come back!  
I'll just sit down and wait here.  
They'll say, 'Where's Johnny?'  
But *I'm* not scared!  
Don't worry, they'll soon come back!"  
Over and over Johnny repeated the words  
While he sat on the tree-root,  
His poem of self-determination:  
His poem of having been left behind.

—ALLEN CRAIG



# On And On

I want to share my ideas  
with you  
about rain and grass  
and God  
but she has already told you  
everything  
and instilled in you  
what you should think  
and how you should feel  
and you have rewarded her  
for nothing  
because she has given you nothing  
but herself  
and she should realize  
if you don't  
that there are others here  
from whom you should learn  
and to whom you must answer.

But your thoughts and her thoughts  
go on and on  
until neither of you have  
any individuality  
because you have made yourself  
herself  
and she—you  
and I don't like it  
and nobody likes it  
because people can tell  
what imitation is  
since lots of them  
have been around longer  
than you have  
and know more  
and care more—  
she has made it so  
you can't think  
for yourself  
because you're not yourself anymore  
and you can't see out.

I'm sorry  
but maybe you never will see out  
and you never really try to  
because it's just not there for you  
this thing you need  
that I can see  
and can't make you see  
till I think I know it all  
when I don't.

The street gets longer  
and narrower  
and goes too many places  
and takes too long  
and you can't get off and away from it  
ever  
or can you?

—VIRGINIA ROSE

# The United Nations And Its Role

James C. Journey

Mr. Journey teaches Political Science in Queens Evening College. He has previously been employed as a writer by the Democratic National Committee during the Stevenson and Kennedy presidential campaigns.

On October 24, 1945, a dream beginning several decades ago with Woodrow Wilson and his fellow pioneers in the League of Nations, and their Covenant representing an advancement in the development of world organization, was the groundwork on which the United Nations Charter was drawn. Those who wrote the charter drew heavily upon the League of Nations, the International Labor Organization, and the Permanent Court of Justice. They tried to profit from the weaknesses as well as the strong points that experience had revealed in these earlier institutions. The main purpose of the United Nations was to prevent a third world war. Two world wars had demonstrated that security could not be won by local or regional means alone. It could only be obtained by action on a universal basis, and it must include all the great nations and all the diverse political forces at work in the world.

The United Nations was founded before the end of the Second World War, due to the initia-

tive of the Great Powers. The peoples of the world saw two new instruments of historic significance brought into being in the same decade—the atomic bomb and the United Nations: one a product for potential destruction, the other, an instrument for the self-preservation of mankind. The atomic bomb was produced under the mathematical controls of the scientific laboratory, whereas the United Nations was evolved from the imperfections and the aspirations of human society. The U. N. is a political instrument and a product of compromise.

The United Nations came into being because the people, even more than their governments, felt urgently that an assured world order provided a bulwark against war. Therefore, the main function of the United Nations was to provide the assurance by building up the order. It is a new factor in the making of history; and the more it succeeds in its primary function, the greater will be its effect on our

society and civilization.

The very fact that the United Nations exists—that the nations of the earth, no matter what differences of ideology or conflicts of policy exist among them, have equally pledged themselves to uphold its Charter—is itself a phenomenon of the highest significance. One has only to reflect on the difference its existence has made to the political outlook since 1945. The international scene would have been more bleak and more hopeless without the United Nations as a recourse, at times when tensions and embitterments were threatening the peace of the world. The mere knowledge that there is always the appeal to the United Nations has been a ground of new hope, a psychological factor mitigating the rawness of the more serious conflicts. Apart from what it is able to do, the United Nations has become to men everywhere a faith that does not perish, though it burns more brightly or more dimly as the international situation changes.

At the end of World War II, before any peace settlement for either Germany or Japan was reached, the wartime alliance of Great Powers fell apart. There was a conflict between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers—a conflict of disturbing portents even before the Axis was defeated, and which, intensified from month to month, had developed into the “Cold War”. The Cold War has been fought with all the weapons of ideological conflict, political and economic power in Western and Eastern Europe, the Middle East, China, Southeast Asia and other countries throughout the world.

Today, even after a decade and a half, most of the work of the United Nations is still unknown to the majority of the world's people, although almost every human being has already benefited from it in many different ways. The little that people know about the United Nations has come mostly from newspaper headlines, radio and TV news bulletins. Headlines and bulletins do not pretend to tell a complete story of anything. They deal with the sensation of the moment. Education has

not caught up with the headlines about the United Nations. Until it does, until the people learn for themselves the real facts about the United Nations, it will be difficult for them to reach the right decisions about its future.

United Nations Day, marking the sixteenth year of the existence and operation of the United Nations, was celebrated on a relatively uncheerful and doubtful basis. The East and West are in disagreement on many problems. Nevertheless, the U. N. can look back on a record of substantial achievement. This is not to say that there have not been delays and disappointments in the years since its birth; but the United Nations still embodies man's best hopes. Unlike the situation of a few years ago, when both the Middle East and the Far East crises were in abeyance, the problem there has improved as a result of the fact that the Soviet Union and the United States no longer trade epithets with the vigor they showed during the earlier and more vituperative stages of the Cold War. The fear persists that there will be universal control by one power. Coupled with this fear is the feeling that the nuclear stalemate, bringing with it a balance of terror, may not be sufficient to keep the world from stumbling into war.

In order for the United Nations and its related intergovernmental agencies to work, it is necessary for the organization to have full cooperation among the Great Powers, and, further still, a degree of understanding among the lesser powers. By those who drafted the Charter in 1945, it was assumed that those countries who accepted membership had pledged that cooperation. The powers granted that the Security Council was assumed to enforce peace with a belief that all great powers would usually agree to some extent on problems brought before the Council. However, at the time of the birth of the United Nations, no one would have believed that such actions as the intervention in Hungary, the attack on South Korea, the blockade of Berlin, the Suez crisis, the intervention in the Congo and other South African states would take place. The growth

of tension between the East and the West in the last few years has virtually destroyed the Security Council as symbolized by the use of the veto. Today, when the Council meets, it limits itself to barren debate on such intractable issues as Kashmir, frontier disputes between Israel and her Arab neighbors, and the supplying of troops and aid to the Congo and other African states. The General Assembly, which handles the great political issues when they are thrust upon the United Nations, has enabled the organization to continue operating in an altogether different spirit. The increase in the size of the Asian-African bloc to the point that it has replaced the Latin-American allies of the United States as the dominant voting power in the Assembly, and the remarkable achievement of Soviet physicists who broke the American nuclear monopoly in 1949, and now seem to hold the lead in the rocket and missile field, have helped to bring about this change in operation of the United Nations. Now the democracies have placed their reliance on the network of mutual defense treaties, and the collective security functions of the United Nations have become "dead letter", with the exception of the Assembly's vigorous action in the settlement of disputes.

Today, entering its seventeenth year, the United Nations offers a more promising program with the aid of the smaller nations standing together. The collective conscience of mankind as expressed in the United Nations has been aroused to do something about the wretched poverty afflicting well over half of humanity. With its related network of intergovernmental agencies, it has set up multilateral technical assistance programs for an international sharing of the knowledge and skills essential to supplement the efforts of less developed countries for economic and social progress. Until recently, the United Nations Disarmament Commission and its predecessors had a monopoly on the discussion of both nuclear control and conventional disarmament. Because of the Soviet boycott, negotiations by

the Great Powers on halting tests of nuclear weapons, and on the detection of surprise attacks, are being held independently by the newly-established International Atomic Energy Agency in Geneva. This agency has accelerated and enlarged the contribution of atomic energy to peace, health, and prosperity throughout the world.

One of the basic functions of the United Nations—that of informing the world about great international issues—remains unchanged. Despite the many other changes that have come about in the life of the United Nations, it retains its importance. Each time after rising to great heights to meet a crisis that comes before it, the organization seems to go into a sinking spell. Once again, despite the achievements in Africa under the guidance of the late Secretary-General Hammarskjöld, storm signals are flying. Premier Khrushchev's antics in the General Assembly are troublesome enough, but the real tragedy is the fact that the Soviet Union has turned on the office of the Secretary-General with almost the same ferocity that it demonstrated against Dag Hammarskjöld and his predecessor, Trygve Lie. To find a successor who will be acceptable to both the Soviet Union and the United States will take a United Nations miracle comparable to the one that produced Hammarskjöld's election in 1953. Thus the very existence of the United Nations may depend upon the Secretary-General elected. Whoever he is, he will have to make adjustments in the Secretariat to satisfy the demands for a larger role in directing the United Nations. Until now the United Nations has carried out its political functions mainly through the Secretary-General. He has had the support of the Soviet Union and the United States, as well as of other nations. With the change in attitude of the Soviet Union, it will be extremely difficult for the new Secretary to undertake political intervention in the future, regardless of his support from all other member nations.

We then, as Americans, must make it our job to see that from now on we use our

strength steadily to increase the influence of the United Nations for peace; to promote the cohesion of different peoples and different systems into one human family; to widen at every opportunity the community of interests of all peoples. By using these three factors as instruments of negotiation and peaceful adjustment, the magnetic attractions of American power would multiply. The only hope for peace prevention of a third world war is through the United Nations. Therefore, we must re-establish those ideals and principles which were set forth in the Charter of the United Nations, since the road to peace is a long and hard one away from the great dangers of the present situation toward the goal of a more peaceful world. As Secretary-General Trygve said:

This is the road we must travel. Recent

developments in atomic energy have once again brought home the lesson that real security from war can be attained only on a universal, world-wide basis through the United Nations. There is no possible substitute and there is no short cut. This means we must concentrate our efforts on making the United Nations work more effectively in the world that exists, not in the world as we might like to have it. It will be necessary to pay less attention to the many things that divide us and more attention to those that unite us. . . . We must search unceasingly for the utmost in presently attainable political agreement, knowing that one step can lead to another and that realistic progress toward world peace in this way is better than chasing mirages or sitting down and giving up.

## Hereditry

Straggly ends that won't obey  
When others' strands don't go astray,  
Why, oh why was it my fate  
To inherit the gene for hair that's straight?

—NANCY MILLOCK

## GRACE BEFORE MEALS

Charles E. Brewer

When the hearty meal had been placed on the table—all meals were hearty in those days, for God seemed to smile on the farms near Greenville, and no one thought of diets except those just over a fever—Father rose in his place to thank the Lord for all His blessings. This was no hasty or routine prayer, and the food had best be hot before it started, lest it cool too much before being eaten. This was a time to name each blessing, that the family might remember what God had done for them this day: the rain last night had moistened the earth—the sun today was making it fruitful—Jed had recovered from his quinzey—the cow had freshened, and once more there was milk on the table: so the blessings were recounted. Mother wondered sometimes why her morning labors in the kitchen were never mentioned during grace, but she held her peace.

It was during grace that Jethro and Jed—which is short for Jedediah, a name which sits not lightly on the tongue—would use the gifts of sight and smell and the advantage of their father's closed eyes to survey the board and choose the dishes which would give them greatest pleasure. For they knew the turn of their mother's hand, and her desire, too, to please each one. Only looking was needed to discover the dish for them. So, for the twins, each meal was a pleasant progress from grace to satiety, and, if they thought at all, they knew the grace was well said.

But the moment of which we speak held no such blessing for them. For grace was said, not at the family table, but at a Gathering. It was the neighborly custom in those days for families of the parish to meet on the church grounds to talk of common interests and to share a board supper. Each family brought something of their best, and when the supper was at last assembled, the sight was past believing.

On the Gathering Day which we recall, Mother and Father and the six-year-olds had joined their neighbors at the church. While the women made ready and the men talked, the twins with other children ran round the tables playing choosey, the game of finding one dish—among so many—which held promise of greatest delight for them. It was a difficult and exacting game, for the choice lay not between good and bad, but between better and best.

Chicken pie, hot from the oven an hour ago and cooling now; fried chicken, skin hard and meat soft; crusty fried steak, tender and juicy inside; home-cured ham, strong for the tender palate, but a delight to the knowing; potato salad rich in onions, with grated eggs as a garnish; biscuits and freshly baked bread, the aroma rising from its thick slices; mayhaw and scuppernong jellies; blackberry jam so full of seeds that only the young will dare it; peach pickles, beet pickles, dills and relish; rhubarb and strawberry pie so tart that it will roughen the teeth, and sweet potato pie that is almost a custard; crocks of sweet milk and buttermilk with dew clinging to the sides; butter molded into pound-rounds with a pine cone or beehive design on top; cakes and cookies—the children came and saw and made their choices.

Jed is grown now, and to this moment he cannot recall the events that next took place. He can remember playing choosey and picking fried steak. He can remember racing to the spring for a dipper of water. The rest is blank, until he heard a sudden silence and the pastor's "Let us give thanks." In panic he ran from the grove to take his chosen place. Too late, he found his elders closely circling the table. No vacant space awaited a small and hungry boy. Standing quietly, as he must, while grace was being said, he scanned the serried backs, looking vainly for an opening. Only a solid wall of tweed and calico met his eyes.

Fried steak now seemed dearer than life, as he foresaw an empty plate. For surely all his elders had chosen the same as he, and they would be first to serve themselves. The thought could not be borne. Not one to despair, he chose to act. With the "Amen," he flattened himself against the unyielding wall, pushing his stubby arm past bulging hips, and with groping hand sought blindly for the good things he had so recently assayed.

In memory, the sad and bitter moments of childhood take on at times a warm and rosy glow. But Jed's lips still quiver and his tongue turns dry as he recalls the cold unbuttered biscuit which his frantic hand pulled that day from a table full of heaven-sent food!

His anguish was deep but brief, for Mother soon found her tearful son, and knew the sovereign remedy for his pain. But the lesson he learned has lasted a lifetime. To this day, when grace is said before meals, Jed is always in his place.





## O. B. JOYFUL

Pam Wenham

O. B. Joyful is known to everyone in the town. Both his long, filthy hair and long beard are an off-white with little black streaks here and there. To keep his hair out of his wrinkled face and ordinary grey eyes, he uses rusty nails and his fingernails. He wears no more than a pair of dirty, old, torn green pants, and a dirty undershirt. Of course he doesn't wear shoes in the summer.

During the winter O. B. Joyful puts on a pair of tennis shoes with quite a few holes in them, and no socks. He wears the same coat every winter. It is a small black and white checked one, full of holes, the sleeves too short, and it is buttoned with rusty nails.

In the spring when the children in grammar school are out for recess, he comes by to talk to them, and eats dandelions while they stand by and watch, not saying a word.

Everywhere O. B. Joyful goes he carries a carton—not a very big one, just medium size. Inside he has put the dandelions which he has picked up along the road. He is always on the bus with his box in his lap when the children get on after school. He tries to coax them to sit near him, but he is ignored. O. B. Joyful wants love, and he tries to get it from children because he knows that he will never get it from anyone else.

# Stereotype

I tried to find myself today,  
But I was everywhere.  
I looked in every maze-filled room,  
And I was standing there.

A paradox—synthetic selves!  
Myself, a stamped design.  
I only saw a glazed reflection  
Standing in a line.

I saw a maze of circle pins;  
I saw the Weejun shoes;  
I saw the madras cumberbunds;  
I saw the navy blues.

I saw myself a hundred times—  
Myself, a stamped design.  
I was just an ivy shape  
Standing in a line.

—BONNIE CURRIE

# Language – A Cultural Mirror

Pattie Sims

Language is the medium of expression in the society in which one lives.<sup>1</sup>

Without the help of language, a man does not know how to get along in his society. In order to understand and adjust to a society, a person must be able to employ words to ask and answer questions; and likewise, he must be able to understand the meanings of the words which he and his fellow man use. Stuart Chase, in his *Power of Words*,<sup>2</sup> indicates the three divisions of culture made by social scientists. The first is that of habits, customs, and rules for behavior. These norms, taught by the community, are learned from birth. They include what to eat, how to act on occasions, and how to talk. The second division consists of the belief systems. These give the child the standards of right and wrong concerning God, the world, the society, and sex. Here one learns the symbols of his society. The third area includes artifacts—man-made weapons, utensils, and machines which the society has developed or borrowed. If one sees clearly that the above things cannot be learned without language, he cannot avoid the obvious fact that culture causes language. We develop and use words as the explanation of the culture demands them, and as the culture changes and new needs for new words arise. Taking the relationship of language and culture a little further, I should also infer that, if a culture can cause language, certainly the language would

reflect culture. Edward Sapir, a linguist of the nineteenth century, made this statement:

. . . one cannot adjust to a society without the use of a language.<sup>3</sup>

Here one sees what might be called the “circle relationship” between language and culture. Without a language, there can be no culture; for it is through the medium of language that one discovers what his culture expects of him and the adjustments he must make. Then, it appears to me an ultimate conclusion that unless a language reflects a culture, man cannot adjust. We then should agree with Edward Sapir that

(language is) a complex of symbols reflecting the whole physical and social background in which a group of men is placed.<sup>4</sup>

Sapir, who lived in the latter part of the nineteenth century, also said that because of the difference of the rate of change in language and culture, it is almost impossible to find a relationship between the two.<sup>5</sup> Today, in the latter part of the twentieth century, other authorities have different views. Culture does change faster than language; and it is therefore quite feasible to conclude that words do not accurately reflect a culture. But Sapir was referring primarily to vocabulary. Some words used centuries ago reflected a specific part of

a culture; but their use today may show no relationship to life in the twentieth century. Yet by means of etymology, scientists are able to search back into ancient times and see how the word reflected the culture of its day. Benjamin Lee Whorf, who studied under Sapir, took what relationship Sapir did establish between language and culture and broadened it into an extensive study of language structures and vocabularies. He discovered that vocabularies, to an extent, can be relied upon, and that there is a definite relationship to be found in the complex structures of a language as a whole and a man's attitude concerning the relationship of his microcosm to the macrocosm.<sup>6</sup>

Beginning with vocabularies, one can see that there are words in many languages which reflect certain phases of the culture in which a man lives.

An increase in or lack of use of "common everyday words" causes cultural trends to become apparent. The industrial and scientific revolutions, and scientific development today, are mirrored in the following words: radio, transmitter, telephone, photograph, atomic, nuclear.<sup>7</sup> The decline of the feudal system can be noted in a decrease of the use of the words vassal, reeve, franklin, and so forth.<sup>8&9</sup> In the United States, any listener can tell by the common use of words in a certain area that one industry is more important than and more relied upon than another. Words from the cattle industry are more numerous and specific than those of the orange industry.<sup>10</sup> A peculiar use of words may also indicate the social stratification of a person, as the following table will illustrate:

Super-erudite: "Those individuals do not possess any."

Cultured: "Those men haven't any."

Spoken Standard: "Those men haven't got any."

Lower Class Colloquial: "Those guys haven't (ain't) got any."

Slang: "Dem guys ain't got none."<sup>11</sup>

Words and names of places are also good indicators of how long a group of people has occupied a country. The longer a country has been lived in, the more the names of topographical features and villages lose their descriptiveness. Names which yield quickly to analysis indicate that the country has not been long settled.<sup>12</sup> In addition to words which name places and things, numerical systems have been a good means of singling out the important features of a culture. The Nootka Indians have a separate set of numerical classifiers which is used only for units of measurement.<sup>13</sup> The fact that methods of measuring are important to the Nootkas, and that these Indians have a keen sense of property, should immediately become quite obvious. The same thing holds true for the Yurok Indians, who have a separate set of numbers for counting woodpecker scalps and obsidian blades.<sup>14</sup>

When one leaves the confines of vocabulary and begins to dig deeper into the structure and over-all philosophy of a people, he will make some concrete and amazingly realistic conclusions. The religious culture (in a very general sense) of the Navaho Indians may be seen when one studies its reflections in the language. The Navaho's religious philosophy consists of a desire for a perfect relationship with Nature. (Or, one might say that he looks for a perfect relationship between his microcosm and the macrocosm.) The Navaho realizes that the macrocosm is made up of eternal and unchanging forces; therefore, *he* must try to maintain an equilibrium.<sup>15</sup> I have taken, for an example, two Navaho words, *ninti* and *nisinfti*, which, when glossed over to translate easily into English, mean 1) "you have lain down" and 2) "you have laid or put me down," respectively. The literal translation is as follows: 1) "you belong to or equal one of a class of animate beings which has moved to rest"; and 2) "you, as agent, have set a class of animate beings, to which I belong, in motion to a given point."<sup>16</sup> This translation may be applied to the Navaho religious beliefs in that the Navaho sees *himself* as adjusting to a given

## *Languages reflect differences between cultures*

universe, rather than that the universe adjusts to him.

Leading into an even broader view of the cultural reflections of language, a comparison of Standard Average European and the language of the Hopi Indians shows many gaping differences between the cultures of the two. There are four specific areas in which it is possible to see not only the differences in the languages, but also how the languages reflect differences in the cultures. These are: 1) plurality and numeration, 2) nouns of physical quantity, 3) phases of cycles, and 4) temporal forms of verbs. Beginning with plurality and numeration, one finds that Standard Average European and Hopi are different in that the former applies plurals to imaginary *and* real things; whereas, in Hopi, plurals are applied only to groups which are objective.<sup>17</sup> We say "ten men," and this is easily pictured as an aggregate of ten men—an entity. In the same manner, we can say "ten days" and think of it as we would "ten men." "A 'length of time' is envisioned as a row of similar units, like a row of bottles."<sup>18</sup> In Hopi, "ten days" is not used. Instead, the Hopi say "he stayed until the tenth day" rather than "he stayed ten days." Rather than saying "ten days is greater than nine days," the Hopi say, "the tenth day is later than the ninth." Here it is clear that speakers of Standard Average European take "ten days" and lift it out and away from *all days* and make it an entity in itself. The Hopi realize that a day is a part of a whole, and leave it in its place. With regard to nouns of physical quantity, it is found that in Standard Average European there are two kinds of nouns denoting physical things—individual and mass nouns. The Hopi have a formally distinguished class of nouns which has no subclass of mass nouns.<sup>19</sup> Our mass nouns are the names of things which have no definite boundary, such as air, water, granite, wood, sand, flour. The distinction between the two types of nouns is that the mass nouns have no plural. In these nouns we

are referring to the *substance* itself when we speak of it. Therefore, when we need to individualize the noun we have to add an individual noun to it: cup of water, bucket of sand. Thus the individual noun *contains* some substance or matter which is called "water" or "sand." To the Hopi, *all* nouns have an individual sense, and singular and plural forms. The nouns can imply indefiniteness, but do not have the complete lack of outline or boundary. When they say "water," they think and mean "a certain quantity or mass of water"—not the substance "water." The Hopi do not say "a glass of water" but "a water," not "a piece of meat" but "a meat." Therefore the Hopi have no need for the analogies which, in Standard Average European, are built on the duality of meaning in the mass noun and the individual noun. Speakers of Standard Average European think of phases of cycles (such as summer, winter, etc.) as subjects or objects which can be pluralized and numerated in the same manner as nouns describing physical objects. These words in Hopi are not nouns, adjectives, or adverbs; but they are a "part of speech" by themselves.<sup>20</sup> We may easily say "a summer," "in summer," "summers." Here we are using imagination and making these phases spatially perceived configurations. We do this by using "a time" (an occasion or phase) in the pattern of a mass noun: "a summer," "summer." While speaking, we *think* a "moment of time" or a "year of time." The words in Hopi which correspond to the words we use for phases of cycles are used in what one might call an adverbial sense. They do not pattern like our "in the morning," but are one expression which means "when morning phase is occurring." The Hopi do not say "summer is hot." Summer is *not* hot. Summer is only when conditions are hot—when heat occurs. There is no feeling of "time" as we use it. The only conception the Hopi has of time is the getting later of it. The temporal forms of verbs in Hopi differ from those in Standard Average European

in that the Hopi language has no past, present, or future.<sup>21</sup> In studying this, the student must first consider consciousness. “*Everything* is in consciousness, and everything in consciousness is.”<sup>22</sup> Therefore, if we inspect consciousness, we find that there is no such thing as past, present, or future. But in Standard Average European, as we have stood time units in a row with our phases of cycles, and as we have made substances entities within themselves, so we chop up consciousness of time into past, present, and future. A common dichotomy of consciousness is the division of the sensuous from the nonsensuous. The sensuous corresponds to our present tense in that it pertains to what we are seeing, hearing, and touching. The nonsensuous we have placed in the vast image-world of the past and future. Yet sensation, memory and foresight are all a part of consciousness. One is not “yet to be” or “once and no more.” The only way in which time is involved is that it is a part of consciousness, and all that is in consciousness is getting later.<sup>23</sup> The Hopi merely presents a situation (which corresponds to our present and past), or he says what he expects a situation to be (which corresponds to our future). All is a part of one great time or consciousness. Speakers of Standard Average European construct and contemplate imaginative parts and patterns within this consciousness.

In studying the differences between Standard Average European and Hopi, one discovers a striking contrast between the two cultures. Using the example of “ten days,” the student can see that the Hopi man approaches the macrocosm in a more realistic manner, and leaves the group of ten days in *all* days, rather than lifting them out and applying his own imagination in order for them to fit his own microcosm. The same thing is applicable to the Hopi manner of speaking of phases of cycles, in that he leaves the phase in its place as a part of a whole. Speakers of Standard Average European chop up consciousness of time into past, present, and future; and the Hopi again alters his own thinking to fit the macrocosm

by leaving all in its place as a part of consciousness. It is at this point that I will infer that the Hopi, in very general terms, approach the universe in a more humble and realistic manner than the Standard Average European, and, realizing the inadequacies of human beings, try to fit themselves into the macrocosm as a part of Nature. The speaker of Standard Average European lifts out parts of the macrocosm, and, with imagination, applies these parts to his own microcosm so that he may suit himself.

Walter Goldschmidt, the director of *The Ways of Mankind* series of recordings, and narrator of the portion called “A Word In Your Ear,”<sup>24</sup> made a statement which appears to summarize, in an uncomplicated manner, the relationship between language and culture.

As we are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; as we are taught our manners and the way things are done in the world we live in; so we are taught our language.

As we learn language from our mothers’ lips, we learn the customs and attitudes of our society. For language reflects these customs and attitudes, that is—language reflects culture.<sup>25</sup>

It is that simple. If a person recalls his primary school years, he will remember that his reading texts often contained illustrative examples of etiquette, manners of speaking, clothes worn on certain occasions, and the like. In recalling his first social “faux pas,” one will realize that although he may have immediately seen his mistake through the reaction of his peers, he was made to understand why it was a mistake by means of words. As one grows older, these lessons become more complicated and abstract along with life. But his primary source of guidance in living has been through listening to and reading the words of other people. Not only has the person learned new words which will apply to similar situations in the future, but he has also learned the meanings of the words, and how they fit in with and therefore reflect the culture of his people.

## FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> Edward Sapir, *Language* (New York, 1921), p. 150.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Chase, *Power of Words* (New York, 1953), p. 76.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Sapir, quoted in "Language in Culture," in *American Anthropologist*, ed. by Harry Hoiijer.

<sup>4</sup> David G. Mandelbaum, ed., *Selected Writings of Edward Sapir in Language, Culture, and Personality* (Berkeley, Calif., 1949), p. 90.

<sup>5</sup> Sapir, *Language*, p. 247.

<sup>6</sup> A person's microcosm is his own little world which he carries around with himself. The macrocosm is the whole universe of which man is a part.

<sup>7</sup> Bernard F. Huppe and Jack Kaminsky, *Logic and Language* (New York, 1956), p. 88.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 89.

<sup>9</sup> Because language changes more slowly than culture, one can rely on the validity of these examples only when taking a broad view of the language and culture concerned.

<sup>10</sup> Mandelbaum, *Selected Writings of Sapir*, p. 441.

<sup>11</sup> Mario Pei, *Language for Everybody* (New York, 1956), p. 65.

<sup>12</sup> Mandelbaum, *Selected Writings of Sapir*, p. 436.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 444.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 443.

<sup>15</sup> "Language in Culture," ed. by Harry Hoiijer, *American Anthropologist*, p. 125.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 125.

<sup>17</sup> Benjamin L. Whorf, *Language, Thought, and Reality* (New York, 1956), p. 140.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 140-142

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 142-143.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 144-145.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 145.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> Walter Goldschmidt, director and narrator, "A Word In Your Ear," *The Ways of Mankind* recordings.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*

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